

Get TF Back

YN Jay

(Oooh, Sav killed it)
Sav, man, why you do that man?
Yeah

Get the fuck back, why you so damn close? (Aye)
He ain't got no goal, he ain't got no hope
In that water, you can't swim, better know how to float
I've been deep up in that water, I ain't in no boat
I got what you need, get it by the low
I ain't got no friends, cause them niggas fold
How the fuck that was your friend and that nigga told?
How the fuck that was your mans, man that nigga bold
I know a nigga trap all week in some dirty clothes
I know a nigga overseas, get them [?] gone
I know a nigga rap all day, he can work from home
Shoutout to Rio, he made a way, he put the city on

Still make 20k off minute phones
I still'll catch 50 sales off petty bone
I'ma always be straight if my sellie on
I fell off [?] and turn [?] on
I got to your bitch crib, and cut Belly on
I brought heat for his loaf, turn his ass to toast
Got hard, got soft, can you handle both?
We can fight or we can shoot, but he ran from both
They sick I'm gettin' off, where the Antidope? (Hold on)
I'm sick I'm fresh as hell, where the camera go?
Human made jean jacket, you ain't seen before
We just pour the 6 up, in the [?] store (I swear)

You actin' like my son, where your daddy go?
Bitch I been gettin' money, since a nappy 'fro
Aye, I heard her coochie fat, she came camel toe
And she came with her friend, I'm tryna stab 'em both

Turtle Pie, Lemon Cherry, I'm grabbin' both
Bought a pair of Prada boots, cause they match my coat
I feel like it's middle school, how I'm passin' notes
I make cards disappear, like a magic show
King